The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

*The ſixt Knight.*

*King.* And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

*Thai.* He ſeemes to bee a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's only greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

*King.* A pretty morrall; from the dejected ſtate wherein he is he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend: For by his ruſtie out-ſide, hee appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furnidit.

3. *Lord.* And on let purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

*King.* Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The out ward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

*Great ſhoutes, and all cry. The meaue Knight.*

*Enter the King and Knights from tilting.*

*King.* Knights, to ſay you'r welcome were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deedes.
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are princes and my gueſts,

*Thai.* But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And Crowne you King of this dayes happineſſe.

*Per:* Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:





In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured ſcholler: come Queene of th' feaſt,
For (daughter ſo you are, here take your place:
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue his grace.

*Knights.* Wee are honoured much by good *Simonides.*

*King.* Your, preſent glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour hates the God aboue.

*Marſh.* Sir yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Enuy the great, or doe the low deſpiſe.
You are right curteous Knights.

*King.* Sit, ſit, ſit,
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought vpon.

*Thai.* By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Mariage)
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſauory,
Wiſhing him my meat: ſure hee's a gallant gentleman.

*King.* Hee's but a country gentleman, has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broke a ſtaffe,
Or ſo; let it paſſe.

*Thai.* To me he ſeemed a Diomond to glaſſe.

*Per.* You King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy;
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darkneſſe none in light:
Whereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their parents and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will not what they craue.

*King.* what are you merry, Knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other in this royall preſence?